

BROTHER AND SISTER

W. T. STAFF'S TRIBUTE TO THE MEM-
ORY OF TWO GORDONS.

A Noble Woman Who Was a Great Gen-
eral's Confidante and the Unassuming
Friend of the Poor and Lowly, Sister of
Him Who Died "in the Far South."

The noble published by the Westminster
Gazette this evening brought back a flood
of memories sorrowful and stern, for
Miss Gordon of Southampton was one of
the few remaining links which united the
world of today with the troubled past time
when her brother died "in the Far South."
It seems but yesterday when, in reply to
the telegram from Southampton that he
had nothing to say, I left Northern Ireland
to hold that interview with General
Gordon which will be remembered almost
immediately to his dispatch to Khartoum.
Yet nine years and more have passed since
then—nine eventful years full of the tragedy
and the pathos which which alone the
perpetual annals, and now the simple an-
nouncement of Miss Gordon's death recalls
with painful vividness that episode of glory
and of shame.

Miss Gordon was Charles Gordon's elder
sister. Her house at 5 Rockstone place,
Southampton, was his only home when he
was in England. It was there that I inter-
viewed him, and in the present moment,
although the familiar rooms are empty of
his presence, they are full of the associa-
tions of his brother's presence. Never was
a sister more proudly fond of her brother
than she. Never did brother trust more ab-
solutely his innermost thoughts to a sister
than Gordon. She was the custodian of his
archive. He left no letters to her, and she
treasured as precious relics the few re-
mains of uniform and of other personal
belongings which he left in her hands.

The first thing a visitor saw on entering
her drawing room were two chairs, which
which had been sent her from Africa, and
the next thing was the skin of a leopard
which he had shot in the Sudan. In her
bedroom, where everything was so reli-
giously preserved as it was when last he
occupied by General Gordon, her favorite
seats were still on the wall, the wardrobe
still held some of the hero's clothes. Miss
Gordon idealized her brother—not without
cause.

The world knew him when too late as
the peerless paladin of modern chivalry.
She knew him as such from of old time, but
she knew him also as the man who was
laughing brother who never ceased to have
the heart of a schoolboy beneath the trappings
of a general. Small reason there was
for surprise that when he was in England,
gilded with but scanty sympathy the min-
ister, the lateness of those awakening to
the dictates of patriotism and of honor cost
her brother's life. Miss Gordon, diffident,
humble and retiring, never expressed her
opinions publicly. But those who were
privileged to enjoy her friendship never
mistook her silence for indifference.

Her majesty was a good friend to Miss
Gordon always. It was some consolation
to the representative, to show sympathy
with her bereaved sister. Miss Gordon
naturally prized each fresh token of her
sister's sympathy, and she was not less
proud of the superb album, containing the
signatures of all the notable women of
England, which was presented to her by
her brother's death. Miss Gordon, how-
ever, was too much of a Gordon to be-
lieve in her brother's death. She tended his memory with the same care, she
carefully treasured up all his letters, she
observed the anniversaries of his death,
and she was ever grateful to those who,
in the best of their means, had served her
brother. But she displayed always the
renunciation of a Christian and the endur-
ance of a Gordon.

The world was never the same world to
her after her brother's death. But it was
God's world still, and she endeavored to
be the best of her ability to walk in her
brother's footsteps, to encourage all who had
deavored to carry on his work and to dis-
play to the world the same selfless sym-
pathy which ever animated General Gordon.
Whether it was the establishment of the
Gordon Boys' homes or in helping the
wretched colored, she was always ready.

Once only I had the honor of receiving
her at my office in Newbury House. She
came on a characteristic errand. Some poor
bedridden old woman, inmates of the local
workhouse, were pained stricken by the
report that the guardians, after their death,
turned a penny by selling their bodies for
cases to an unscrupulous dissection. Miss
Gordon, hearing of this dismal state of the
dissection room, which rose grim and ghastly
before the dying eyes of the poor, came
to see me to ascertain whether the
practice could not be stopped. The burning
indignation of the Gordon glow in her
eyes as she told me the story, which, con-
fessed, seemed to me utterly incredible, un-
til, from a subsequent correspondence with
the local government board, I learned that
Miss Gordon's representation had finally al-
layed the alarm.

Miss Gordon's dream was to be discovered
doing anything of a public nature, but
when necessary she did not hesitate to act,
even though at the cost of her many years
searching of the heart. She never publicly
identified herself with political parties,
but she used to remark occasionally that
her parliament had enfranchised the
literary plowman. It might be said in his
wisdom she fit to give a vote to his dis-
contented mistress. There was the Gordon
gleam of humor in all her conversation.
She was Gordon in her better, her patriot-
ism, in her endurance, in her
quiet humor and above all in her religion.
He did not seem to have quite gone from
among us while his sister lived.

Now that Miss Gordon is no longer at
Rockstone place, we begin to realize that
the generation which embodied history with
the character of Gordon at Khartoum is
fast passing away. Jealousy to the com-
ing century a proud inheritance in the memory
of saintly life and heroic death—W. T.
Staff in Westminster Gazette.

Getting Out Graciously.
"Look at that dark man across by the
punchbowl!" said one lady to another at an
assemblage of newspaper and literary men.
"He has taken 12 glasses of punch, one after
another." "Ah, indeed?" said the other
lady. "That is his husband." But the
man was born to eat and drink. "Is it pos-
sible?" Let me congratulate you, lucky woman,
for having a husband able to drink 12
glasses of punch without getting tipsy.
Why, if my husband drinks two, he gets
simply roaring. You fortunate thing, how
I envy you!"—Boston Gazette.

The Iron in the Fire.
I have lived to know that secret of hap-
piness is never to allow your energies to
stagnate. The old proverb about too many
hands in the fire is an admirable one. Have
them all—short, long and crooked. The
more the better—Adam Clarke.

The very earliest conage that can prop-
erly be said to be "strictly American" was
invented by the original Virginia company
in the year 1619, only three years after the
founding of Jamestown. These conages were
minted at Somers Islands, now known as
the Bermudas—Exchanging.

In both France and Germany one-fourth
reduced to a decimal is written as 0.25, in
England it is written 2/5 (always with the
period at the top of the line), and in the
United States it is written 1/4. In Eng-
land a period at the bottom of the line is a
sign of multiplication.

Guns, the smallest accurate and inde-
pendent territory in the world is situated
in the lower Pyrenees, about 10 miles from
Oleron, between the boundaries of France
and Spain. The people speak a language
of their own, a cross between French and
Spanish.

THE MAN FROM ST. LOUIS.

His Love For Chicago Made Him Sym-
pathetic to the Cause.

It was at the depot in Syracuse, and a
number of us were waiting for our train
when a middle-aged man, who was lame
and disheveled, began to solicit alms. He
told some sort of a story about sickness,
death, and so on, and about the third man
he struck replied to him.

"I look here, mister, I can put you in the
way of making a couple of dollars in about
five minutes."

"Heaven will bless you if you will," said
the same man.

"I don't want to be blessed. Do you see
that chap down the platform, seated on his
trunk?"

"Yes, from St. Louis. Come over here in
front, and I'll tell you how to work him."

The two drew aside, and after three or
four minutes of "private and confidential" talk
the lame man limped off down the plat-
form, and half a dozen of us followed on
to witness the performance.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the lame
man as he halted before the other, "but I
am an unfortunate man."

"Yes, the woods are full of 'em," was the
reply.

"Isn't my fault? I lent my brother \$500
to go into business with in a place way out
there, where there was no one, and I think
it is the name of the town. Ever hear
of it?"

"I've heard there was such a place," re-
plied the St. Louis man, "but it may have
been a rumor. Here's a quarter to help
you along."

"Many thanks, sir. I was going to tell
you about my brother. Some one told him
that Chicago was a growing city, and that
they were going to move the county seat
there. He went into the grocery business,
and what do you think he did? Laid in
a stock of \$10,000 worth of goods, and he
lost it all in about a week. He is now a
stock big enough for a town of 10,000 peo-
ple."

"Oh, dear! I guess I can spare you an-
other quarter."

"I'm possibly have pulled through, but
it ruined a good deal, and the farmers
can't get into town for the mud, and most
everybody was trading on store or-
ders, and so the sheriff closed him out."

"I didn't see you save anything from the
 wreck?"

"Not a dollar—that is, I haven't got
anything out of it yet. I can't even get a
left shoe for my brother there."

"I've written no less than four, and they
all came back marked 'Misdirected.' I've
been trying for a month past to find out in
what state Chicago is."

"Let's see," said the St. Louis man. "If
there is such a town, and I am quite sur-
e there is, it is in Indiana. No, I'm wrong—
it's in Illinois."

"Why, I have been directing to Kansas.
It's in some county, of course?"

"Very likely. I think I can spare you
another half."

"Her majesty said, 'Did you ever hear the
name of the country?'"

"Let's see. Let's see. They named a
county up there somewhere after a St.
Louis man, didn't they? It's Cook, I think."

"I put on 'Cook,' but I didn't even get
the state right. It made no difference. Will
you please write the address for me?"

"I've got it," said the St. Louis man. "It
is the St. Louis man, because these new
villages spring up like mushrooms, are
sometimes called by the three or four
names, and some of the maps exactly lo-
cate it. I'm going to write a letter to
you. I should direct it, Chicago, Cook county,
Ill., U. S. A., via St. Louis, Mo."

"Yes, sir. You have put me under great
obligations."

"Don't mention it. Hope you'll get some-
thing out of the snafu. You don't look
well."

"Well, here's another dollar to help you
on your feet. Follow my directions when
you write, and if there is such a town out
there anywhere the postal authorities will
be sure to get it. Chicago, Cook county, Ill.
It strikes me that I've heard the name
somewhere, but I can't just place it. It's
in Illinois, I think, and was located on ac-
count of a Frenchman, who was called
"St. Louis."

Sydney Smith's Aphorisms.
In a volume issued by Mr. Walter Jerrold
are the following witty remarks of Sydney
Smith:

"The whole story of my life has been
passed like a razor—in hot water or a
scrape."

"There is the same difference between his
tongue and mine as between the minute
and the hour hand—one goes 12 times as
fast and the other signifies 12 times as
much."

"My house is just now full of cousins.
They are all first cousins, and I wish them
—once removed."

HE GOT THE DEACON'S MARE.

A Graceless Scamp Who Stole From a De-
fenseless Man on Sunday.

A Portland man went up in the country
to buy a horse recently. It was on Sunday,
by the way, the horse being the best city
man could spare from his company. He
had no definite idea just where he was go-
ing, but he had his eye out for anything on
four legs that looked promising. Finally
he drove along a pretty country high-
way he passed three horses in a small stable
yard. He drove up, hitched his steed and
leaped upon the fence, looking the stock
over. One young mare attracted his atten-
tion especially, and he was admiring her
when the house door opened and an old
man of very firm countenance came out.
There were the usual preliminaries about
the weather and then the farmer asked,
"Looking for anything particular?"

"Well, I want to buy a horse and I must
confess I like the looks of that mare there
very much. What is her price?"

"But, sir, I never saw her before on the
Lord's day. Why, sir, I'm a deacon in the
church, and whatever else I may do I will
not profane the Lord's day by buying and
riding a horse. Why, sir, I will wait until
city folks wanted to come out here and
dicker on Sunday."

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THE RUFFED GROUSE.

He Hears and Sees Everything, and Not-
ing Escapes His Notice.

There is not in existence perhaps a bird
that knows more of the surroundings in the
places he inhabits than the ruffed grouse.
He hears and sees everything. Nothing es-
capes his notice. This is his home. He
lives about here all the seasons of the year
—autumn and harvest winter and summer.
He knows well also every wood, every
open thicket and stream in the region.
When compelled to leave this place
he has several select spots to which he flies
for refuge.

One of these retreats may be in a dark
and gloomy nook under the umbrageous
foliage of the woods, or it may be in a
clump of dense and impenetrable ever-
greens or among the witch hazels or amid
the numerous and inaccessible saplings
of the gentle, sloping woodland, or it may
be in the open wood. The sportsman will
soon come to learn the location of these
spots by carefully watching the flight of
the bird, but I will not say he will soon be
conscious of that fact after he has been
disturbed a few times and will go no more
there, but direct his flight elsewhere.

The grouse never leaves his home until
where he is going, and when he starts on
his way nothing will turn him from his
course for in his experience I have seen
but one bird change his line of flight.
Once saw a grouse crossing a field di-
rectly over a man and a team of oxen plow-
ing.

But the ruffed grouse practices at times
a sort of flight that is extremely decep-
tive as to his destination. In the hollows
he will fly straight ahead through the mid-
dle of them for 200 to 300 yards and then
take a wide turn of about 40 yards, and
coming back the same distance alight on
the brow of the hill. He is now in a pos-
ition where he can see the sportsman ap-
proach and can watch his movements, and
when he would start he can fly to the
discreetness of the Foxglove. The consequent
of this is a success. The sportsman, as a
rule, is so happy in his combinations that
such a consequence was expected.

The grouse affords a striking instance of
"Vitruvian" accuracy in saying that the ar-
chitecture of a state is a history in stone of
its past. Her capital buildings form an ar-
chitectural and historical record, it may be
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